

## CHICKEN GRASPING AT KAIBITO

(WILLOW SPRINGS)

—By—  
ALBERT B. REAGAN

The great ceremony is over and the savages and whites have all returned home happy. Moreover, all believe that the dawn of another and better day has arrived for the wilds of the Western Navajo country.

Arriving at Tuba City the evening of May 13, we snatched a bite of supper and then hied by auto for Kaibito, where the great event of the season was to be pulled off the next day. Arriving at Red Lake on the way toward the midnight hour, we stopped and took another supper. Seventeen more of the palefaces had already arrived there and a lively time was already on, consisting of music and dancing, the former being furnished by our veteran musician Roseink. Toward morning we retired to the wareroom and spread our bunks on the floor, while the ladies took the sumptuous quarters of the residence on the second floor. But our musicians were not disposed to let us sleep. For another hour they played and sang the popular songs of the day for the benefit of our millionaire guest, Mr. Charles L. Bernheimer, of New York city, who had come the thousands of miles to see the great fete pulled off. Then we slept till the millionaire's poodle dog got lonesome and started around to lick each of our faces to tell us that it was sun-up.

After a hurried breakfast we proceeded on our way. We passed northward past sand cliffs and lake pools and on over a dry flat. Old Wild Cat peak flitted by us to the westward. Then Square mesa and White mesa jumped into view and flitted by us like a screen scene. Then Kaibito rolled to view in Fairbanks-Mary Pickford stunt style like a toy, but such a city and such a toy.

Up against a bluff on the east side of a wash that is drier than a congressional speech stands the only white man's buildings in an area as large as the state of Massachusetts. These are the Richardson store plant, the government stockman's residence and the quarters of Missionary Merip. And as we appeared, the yards and buildings were surrounded by a gala mass of Indians, all bedecked, painted, and attired in their most flashing apparel. There were turquoise beaded necklaces galore. Silver wristlets flashed in the sun. And the regulation, banded Navajo dress and bright colored native blanket gave the wearer a striking, becoming appearance.

To the southeastward loomed up the White mesa we had passed. To the northeastward the great laccolitic dome of Navajo mountain looked down upon the valley, while the great cliff houses of its canyons told of a better day. To the westward was the great chasm of the Colorado, which Captain Tovar, of the Coronado expedition of 1541 said was three leagues in the air and which the simple hearted Hopis say is their entrance-way to their heaven in the hearth of the earth. And to the westward of the dark line of the canyon the mountains of California took the sun to rest at his climbing down the sky. While the snow clad San Francisco peaks stood beneath the sun at noon.

We were there and ready for the fray. There were 359 Indians and 42 white people on the ground. Among the whites were the following: John O'Farrell, John Kripley, Albert B. Reagan, Dr. Cauplin, A. C. Sianz, O. K. Cook, William Boraum, Dr. D. J. Roseink, Miss Mary Akin (the public school teacher at Tuba City), Interpreter Joe Lee, Agency Superintendent Robert E. Burris, Supervisor Hammond, of the Indian department, Mr. and Mrs. John Wetherill, of Kayenta, Arizona, Mr. Charles L. Bernheimer, shirt-waist manufacturer and multimillionaire, of New York city, E. Johnson, of Blanding, Utah, Dick Richards, of Winslow, Mrs. Bibb, of Tuba, Mr. and Mrs. Merip, G. I. Aantistevan and I. N. Duff and Ed Bergman of Shonto.

No part of the program was undertaken till after dinner was served. The Kaibito store gave the Indians two beeves, much coffee, and other eatables. The coffee and beef were stewed in washtubs by an open fire and all helped themselves to a feast. The white ladies had their dinner served to them by the Kaibito merchants in the store dining hall. The white men

had theirs served on a blanket on the floor of the hall, of Dr. Rockford's residence. Supervisor, Indian Agent, common cusses and millionaire all sat around the blanket, and Engineer Sianz and Dr. Rockford served them to the eatables which were eaten with a relish from dishes of every sort—tin lids and cans. The millionaire took his coffee from a fruit can that still had the wrapper on it, and had we had another man he would have had to have eaten out of the wash-basin.

After the feast was served all the straight jackets were taken off and thrown in the rubbish pile and all commingled together, both government official, Indian and tourist, in love-feast style. The Indians were then collected together and the agent and supervisor advised them through Interpreter Lee the wants of the government, and the "Oh, oh," of assent could be heard on every side. As a result of the conference a better understanding with the Indians is assured and 35 more children were pledged for the Tuba school.

Just as the meeting was breaking up one of the dun horses took an exception to Supervisor Hammond's presence on the scene and attempted to put his objections in a form stronger than words. As a result, the inspector came near breaking a wagon tongue in his flight and also took a tumble in the thousand-year-old powdered earth on the sloping hillside. We haven't learned, either, that the horse has offered an apology since.

It was 2 p. m. before the sports of the day were ushered in. The first scene on the reel was a saddle race. At one end of the race course the saddle and blanket of each contesting horse was left, at the other end of the course the saddle blanket. Then the horse with the halter was led to the end where the blanket was. At a given signal, the riders mounted their respective horses and rode to the opposite goal and bridled their horses; then rode back and got the blanket; then rode back and put the saddle on the horse; then returned to the starting goal. Four riders rode in this contest. A yellow-buckskin horse owned by Manhammer, with John Kelly riding, won the purse-prize of \$10. It was an interesting race.

Just as this scene was closing Mr. Sianz's cayuse concluded that its rider needed a trip to the stars and we have not learned whether he reached the Great Bear or Cassiope's Chair.

The next act was the chicken grasping. A rooster was not buried as it is not allowed to mutilate fowls now-a-days as in the old times. Instead, a sack partly filled with dirt was buried, all but the top. Then the Indians rode by on horseback and, leaning over in the saddle, tried to seize the end of the sack as they galloped by. It was 33 minutes of "grasping" before Hosteen Nez Bega succeeded in securing the sack and winning the purse-prize of \$15.

The next was a straight horse race over a half-mile circle. The first prize of \$15 in this race was won by Gishibitah, the second, a prize of \$10, by Fat Goat.

A similar race followed in which there were four contestants; but, one horse bolting, only three ran. The first prize of \$15 was won by a horse of Gishibitah. The second prize, of \$10, was won by Hosteen Yazhie (Judge Little Holiday.)

Then came a foot race of 100 yards between five contestants for a prize of \$10. This was won by Leslie who outstripped his opponents a tenth of the distance.

At this juncture there was a diversion. Four white men entered the race in a saddle race contest for a purse of \$5, riding the poorest ponies they could secure on the ground. This was the most amusing thing of the day. Mr. Sianz's horse seemed to know what kind of a fellow its rider

## ARIZONA'S WEEKLY INDUSTRIAL REVIEW

Safford—Gila Valley's flour mill to be completed for season's crop including high concrete and steel warehouse. Phoenix—Range and stock conditions throughout the state reported good.

Phoenix—Interstate commerce commission approved reduced freight rates on ore, concentrates and sulphurets.

Chandler—District cotton crop reported 90 per cent stand.

Nogales—Southern Pacific of Mexico R. R. resumes operations.

Tempe—Rock crusher being constructed to supply county highway work.

Payson has organized a chamber of commerce.

Payson—Oxbow resumes work sinking shaft to water level.

Douglas port of entry shows big increase in ore shipments for month of May.

Holbrook—Adamana well down 1850 feet with 25 per cent of petroleum.

St. Johns—Bankers Oil corporation lease large tract, drilling to start.

Paradise—Estimated cost of horse-shoe and Camp Verde reservoir projects \$16,000,000.

Mesa—South Verde Co. starts development Verde Valley property.

Tombstone to take active steps to establish aerial landing field.

Groom Creek—Golden Gradon Co. takes over Braganza group, larger reduction plant planned.

Skull Valley—Jerome-Prescott Co. developing rich gold ore in Copper Basin.

Pioneer—White Metal Co. erecting 60 ton plant.

Oatman—United Eastern increases mill capacity to 325 tons daily.

Phoenix establishing free camping ground, water and gas to be piped.

Benson—Bids for completion of Benson-Vail highway called for.

Phoenix—Completion of Black Canyon road expected within month.

Ray—Contracts let for construction of Ray-Kelvin road.

Douglas—Street car operation shows \$15,000 annual loss; service abandoned.

Snowflake—Apache well shows oil and gas at 1800 feet.

Mesa starts construction of new city fire station.

Globe—Old Dominion mine to construct 1500 ton daily mill-unit.

Safford—Gila Valley Electric Co. installing new generator.

Phoenix—Selected as site for Klieber motor truck factory.

was and took exceptions to his being near it. Another did almost everything but climb a tree. One of the riders also got rattled and started to put the saddle on backwards. At this juncture Mr. Kurley laughed so hard that he bursted his white collar and Joe Lee swallowed his diamond tie stick-pin. Ike Duff won the prize.

The next was a squaw race. Four Indian women entered the race, but, one horse bolting, only three ran the half-mile circle. Two prizes were offered in this contest, one of \$10 and one of \$5. Yellow Bird won the first prize and Night Hawk the second. This closed the day's contests and all set out for home.

Arriving at Red Lake we all stopped for lunch. Joe Lee, John Wetherill and ye scribe were delegated to do the cooking stunt, while the others participated in an old time dance scene for the amusement of our New York guest, who said we had the Waldorf-Astoria beat. The meal being served, we continued our journey to destination, feeling that the day had been well spent.

Yuma—Electric district in new pump irrigation area being established.

Marinette—Southwest Cotton Co. takes over 960 acres for cotton industry.

Safford—Valley farmers organize to handle labor situation.

Tucson—Mineral Hill Consolidated mine to be developed into big property.

Nogales seeking reduction of cattle duty through local port.

San Simon—Two storage reservoir sites surveyed for valley project.

Phoenix—General educational campaign on possibilities and development of Colorado river basin to be launched throughout east.

Toltec—Ships 100 cars of lettuce, one car bringing \$3800.

Phoenix—State highway department to get immense equipment from government.

Bowie—U. S. Oil & Refining Co. starts drilling with new standard rig.

Ajo—Sixty carloads of copper cathodes leaves New Cornelia mine.

Superior—Camelback mine in Silver King section to sink 1000 foot shaft.

Phoenix—Federal aid approved for Petrified forest project.

Clifton—Shannon Copper Co. planning local oil development.

Douglas—Copper Queen erecting concentrator at Don Luis.

Phoenix to get new business block costing \$250,000.

Phoenix—\$500,000 theatre with capacity of 2000 to be built.

Willcox—Reduction plant to be erected on Mascot property.

Phoenix—Apache and San Carlos reservations to be opened to metalliferous mining 12 o'clock noon, July 1st.

## AND HE DID

"So you went to church last Sunday?" asked the doubtful one. "Then, to prove it, what was the text?" "The text was, 'He giveth his beloved sleep.'" "You're all right. How many of the congregation were there?" "All the beloved, it seemed to me."

## FOR SHERIFF OF COCONINO COUNTY

I hereby announce my candidacy for the office of Sheriff of Coconino County, subject to nomination at the Democratic Primary, in August.

I am a cattleman. Have ben in this county since 1881. I believe my record justifies your support, and I therefore respectfully request your support, both at the primaries and at the polls.

T. H. WAGNER, Williams, Ariz.

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